Toilet Soaps and Perfumery at Titus's Drug Store, Centreville. †

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Familiar Voices.

The following article, which we are requested to print, containing reminiscences of old times, was read in the "Echo," the manuscript paper of Washington Lodge I. O. G. T., at the social last Saturday evening:

Is there anything more pleasant to the ear than the familiar voice of a dear old friend? Personal appearance may be altered by time's swift changes, but the voice we soon recognize. How the memory cherishes the soothing words of some dear voice uttered years ago, perhaps in an hour of distress, perhaps the timely advice of a true friend just in the right time. Ah, it is true the sound of a familiar voice often recalls happier, brighter days, and sweet memory dwells upon the associations that voice has recalled, till the panorama fades like music in the distance. And yet, how seldom we pause long enough to fully appreciate the dear voices all around us. And why are they less dear than the absent ones? Is it because our blessings brighten as they take their flight?

But hark! dear old voices ring out merrily to-night as in days, brighter days, gone by; voices that were the first to raise up before ours against the demon of Rum; voices that came to us urging our help in this unselfish warfare against the greatest evil the world ever knew; voices that have rang with ours in glee; voices that have wept with us in sorrow; voices that are earnestly pleading with ours for the broken-hearted parents whose child might be saved, or the wife whose husband may yet return to his once happy home and fulfill his early promises; voices calling for a power sufficient to save the young and pure from ruin, for the worse than orphan children tossing upon the waves of evil temptation; voices that dared to join sister Emery's in the organization of Washington Lodge No. 386, I. O. G. T., on the 4th day of May, 1870, in the little school house near the depot.

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With pride we point to their names upon our Charter: Bro. W. Y. Horner, now in the Sandwich Islands; Bro. Dr. Guiberson, practicing physician at that time; Bro. C. S. Finlayson, the only teacher in the wee little school room, now a small portion of Mr. Powell's dwelling house; Bro. L. B. Wyman, blacksmith, residing now in Nova Scotia; Bro. Geo. Mack, at present in San Francisco; Bro. Ellenwood, in Washington Territory; a sacred spot in the cemetery marks the resting place of Bro. H. H, Beardsley; Bro. M. M. Spencer, our right hand man; Sister J. H. Whitney, now living in Oakland; Sister S. H. McKean Ismert, for the present residing in Irving; Sister M. A. Horner, now upon a visit from her island home; Sister H. E. Strobridge Beardsley, the only one who, during the nearly fourteen years, has remained in town.

And now, dear friends, have their voices reflected good or evil influence upon this quiet little town? Consider this question impartially, and harken into our voices calling, begging you in Heaven's name, to lift up your voices with ours in song, words, prayers for the salvation of humanity. Remember a voice has uttered, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven." Kind friends, we earnestly solict your hearty co-operation. We need your strenth, your counsel and influence. Will you not link into our chain and shout with us the Battle Cry of Temperance?

TEMPERANCE.

Miss Frances E. Willard's Address at the Grand Opera-House.

The announcement that Miss Frances E. Willard, the President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, would deliver an address at the Grand Opera-House, caused a vast throng to gather at that place last evening.

Dr. McDonald broke the ice with a few statistical facts, showing that this National Christian Temperance Union has a membership of fifty thousand, with a large number of juvenile societies working in the same direction. He also paid a deserved tribute to the labors of Miss Willard and Miss Gordon.

Frank Pixley, in introducing Miss Willard, declared that he would make this cause of temperance a political one. He would make the temperance movement so strong that, instead of "the leading citizens" dodging the issue, they would hang on the lobbies in order to beg the influence of the temperance folks at the primary elections and their support at the polls.

Miss Willard, who was received with applause, asked: Ought a civilized nation countenance the liquor traffic? Ought an intelligent nation to set over against every schoolhouse two schools of vice? Ought a Christian nation to foster a saloon system to counteract the work of Christian churches? and ought a home-loving people to shelter institutions calculated to destroy woman's hopes and childhood's purity? Clearly not. Alluding to the recent movement of liquor men in organizing under the name of the Personal Liberty League of America, she wished to know what liberty had to do with a curse that enslaved man's appetite and changed his heart so that his unkindness was greatest to those he loves the best. To counteract the evil powers of "appetite" and "avarice," arrayed on the liquor side, she declared there were the two stronger instincts of "self-protection" and "a mother's love, a wife's devotion, a sister's faithfulness and a daughter's loyalty." But to put the ballot in the hands of woman would ring the death knell of the liquor traffic. Till that was accomplished, she urged those already enfranchised to see that their ballots were cast in the cause of temperance and against the whiskey-sellers.

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"For right is right since God is God.
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty
To falter would be sin."

Just so in our Temperance warfare. to falter would be sin.
We were defeated in Local Option
But that should prepare us for more

The Temperance Echo.

Published by Washington Lodge.

No. 386

Vol 1. I. O. G. T. No 1.

Officers & Members.

Many of you perhaps remember a little verse that never failed to put in its appearance on the first page of the "Alta" from the beginning of the Rebellion between the North and South, to the close of the War.

It read thus.

"For right is right since God is God.
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Just so in our Temperance warfare. to falter would be sin. We were defeated in Local Option But that should prepare us for more

earnest labor in the future.
and enable us to remember and realize the meaning of that little verse.

Not only from the report of our G. W. S. at the last meeting of our Grand Lodge, do we see that we are firmly and rapidly gaining ground, but in almost all the newspapers. Temperance is the most prominent topic of the day. It is an unselfish warfare. we are working for the benefit of others more unfortunate than ourselves. Let us continue in F. H. & C.

"Editoress."

California Temperance League.

Information from every part of the State indicates a large Convention on the 19th of this month. Several hundred delegates have already been reported, and many others will attend. There is a strong probability that the California Temperance League and the State Alliance will unite in organizing a temperance party, after which each organization will pursue its own course in carrying on the temperance war, as they may think best. All temperance organizations will attend the dedication of the fountain at Oakland, on Saturday, the 21st of November, just after the Convention adjourns.

From Shasta, Santa Cruz, Ventura, San Benito and Sacramento counties encouraging reports have been received. Mountain Lake Shop of United Mechanics has elected as delegates George A. Grant, S. G. Warden and Henry Cooper.

A new game called "granger seven-up" is announced. Three persons play for a can of oysters. The first man out gets the oysters, the last man out gets the oyster can, and the "middle man" don't get anything.

Snooks' boy heard him say the other day that there was money in hens, and he proceeded to investigate the old man's poultry yard. He had gone through a dozen fine specimens, when the old man descended upon him, and the boy now wonders if there is a balm in Gilead.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of the mysterious line that separates the deadly and the wholesome in nature is given in the English *Medical Press*, which states that the poison of the cobra, the most venomous of the East India serpents, has been chemically analyzed, giving the following result: Carbon, 46; nitrogen, 13; oxygen, 6; sulphur, 25; the rest hydrogen. This is exactly the composition of beer yeast. The latter is used in manufacturing the staff of life, bread; the former is so deadly in its nature that even when taken from the snake and preserved, and afterward injected under the skin of animals, it is immediately fatal. The laboratory of nature is far more wonderful than that of the human chemist.

MARRIAGES OF NOTABLE PERSONS.—Shakespeare was married at 18; Dante, Franklin, and Bulwer, at 24; Kepler, Mozart, and Walter Scott, at 26; Washington, Napoleon I., and Byron, at 27; Rossini, the first time, at 30, and the second time at 54; Schiller and Weber, at 31; Aristophanes, at 36; Wellington, at 37; Talma, at 39; Luther, at 42; Addison, at 44; Young, at 47; Swift, at 49; Buffon, at 53; and Goethe, at 57.

GREAT FIRES.—The great fires in American cities within a year and a-half have cost the country $300,000,000, which is more than it has cost all Europe, save in war, since the great fire of London, two hundred years ago.

Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and our laughter. To the cold it is as icy as the northern seas; to the loving it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics.

BE CAREFUL.—An instance is given in which typhoid fever attacked one-half the families in a village that used milk from a certain dairy. On making investigations, it was found that the cows drank water from an old underground tank of wood which was decayed, and the water from which doubtless found its way into the milk-cans in other ways than through the udders of the cows.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.—They get to be very old in New England. There is Peter Gay, of Augusta, Maine, who is ninety-seven; born in 1776; came in with the republic. He has a little son, Elijah, who is seventy-one, with fair prospect of attaining to a good old age. In Molunkus, same State, dwells good Mrs. Relief Hayden, who is eighty-five; has eleven children, all living, ranging from thirty-eight to sixty-four. From June 20, to December 31, 1872, she spun 160 skeins of yarn, knit 39 pairs of stockings, 20 pairs of mittens, and did quilting enough to make a Fifth Avenue miss go raving mad.

WHAT THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD OWE THEIR CREDITORS is the stupendous sum of $20,985,000,000. Of this, Europe owes, $17,060,000,000; America, $2,865,000,000; Asia, $675,000,000; Africa, $195,000,000; and Australasia, $190,000,000.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

What are we going to do, sweet friends,
In the year that is to come,
To baffle that fearful fiend of death
Whose messenger is rum?
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass,
As he has passed before,
Leaving his deadly-poisoned draught
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, sweet friends,
Still wait for crime and pain,
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,
And soothe the woe again?
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,
Still poison the coming child,
Still break the suffering mother's heart,
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the grey-haired sire,
Still martyr the brave young soul,
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,
O'er the whole great nation roll;
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin and crime and shame
Drag down to the very depths of hell
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our *mission* on earth, sweet friends,
In the years that are to come?
If not, let us rouse and do the work
Against this spirit of rum.
There is not a soul so poor and weak,
In all this goodly land,
But against this evil a word may speak,
And lift a warning hand.

And lift a warning hand, sweet friends,
With a cry for home and hearth,
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep,
Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth,
And the weak and wavering shall hear,
And the faint grow brave and strong,
And the true and good and great and wise
Join hands to right this wrong.

Poetry.

From the Maritime Monthly for April.

WHERE?

I.

The highway leads through fields of green,
And valleys oderous with flowers:
Above our heads the willows lean,
And birds with song beguile the hours:
The highway leads through scenes most fair,
But, Pilgrim, can'st thou tell me, WHERE?

II.

The highway leads by rock and glen,
Through mountain gorge and desert wild,
By deep morass and tangled fen,
O'er crag on crag stupendous piled,
Till weary, sinking in despair,
With clasped hands, we question, WHERE?

III.

The highway leads unto the Sea,
The Sea that man hath ne'er re-crost:
And here it ends! ah me, ah me,
For days of sunshine, wasted, lost!
Oh Sea, our barques in safety bear
O'er thy expanse! but where, oh WHERE?

H. L. SPENCER.

Which Would You Rather Do?

John Adams, father of John Quincy Adams, used to say:

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and, therefore, I studied the grammer till I could bear it no longer; and, going to my father, told him I did not like study, and asked him for other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John,' said he, 'if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by grammar and dig.'"

"This seemed a delightful change; and to the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin; and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced."

"That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made comparison between Latin grammer and ditching, but said not a word about it."

"I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner-time; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it! At night toil conquered, and I told my father—one of the severest lessons of my life—that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar.

"He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to my two days' labor in that ditch."

Daniel Webster did not like mowing any better than John Adams liked ditching. His father told him to "hang" his scythe to suit himself, and he went and *hung it on a tree!* However, both Adams and Webster worked harder with their brains than most boys with their muscles.

—We have seen a stick of wood weighing scarcely four ounces fall from a boy's arm, and striking on his toes render him incapable of further action for hours afterward, while the same boy has slipped with a pair of skates, and striking on the back of his head with sufficient force to split that article open, has not only reached his feet unaided, but has given the boy who laughed at him one of the most astonishing whalings he ever received.—*Danbury News.*

—"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil, who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply: "You do—to see 'Liza"

MY FATHER.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: "Why *she's* a boy!"
My Father.

Who gave that nurse a half-a-crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?
My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair awry?
My Father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square?
My Father.

Who when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?
My Father.

Who when Tom licked me black and blue
Did not turn in and lick me, too—
Saying, "'Tis my duty so to do?"
My Father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?
My Father.

Who pennies ne'er refused to plank,
Nor dropped them in that mimic "Bank,"
Where I could only hear them clank?
My Father.

Who when I wished to buy a toy
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy
To send tracts to some heathen boy?
My Father.

Who bought me ponies, guns and sich,
And gave leave to fork and pitch,
While he raked up to make me rich?
My Father.

And who at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one,
Left all he had to me, his son?
My Father.

[Written for the Weekly Times.]

HEAVEN HERE BELOW.

BY ANALLEY.

We sat at the window listening
To the rustling of the leaves,
And dreaming of Love's harvest,
With its joyous golden sheaves,
Nor thinking of Life's real,
Of hedge-rows bare and sere,
But bathing in the liquid
Of Soul's ennobling sphere.

My vows were made in silence
Behind the branching trees,
With Orion as a witness,
And smiling Aretaes.
Responsive to mute love,
My love made no reply,
But her lips were rosy red,
And a tear stole from her eye.

Then angels hovered o'er us,
I heard their joyful glee,
And zephyrs sang a welcome,
In Love's own melody.
So let Orion guard the gates
That lead to realms above,
For earth is now a heaven,
And heaven is full of love.

CINCINNATI, July 22, 1873.

TAKE THE WORLD EASY.

Don't fret about the comparatively petty vexations of life, in view of the many real troubles all around you and to which are you liable at any time. The inevitable—which you cannot help—you cannot fret enough to undo though you fret yourself to death; and as for what you can help, why take hold and help. Think of time and happiness, of the positive discomfort and injury to health, that arise from fretting over trifles. The old farmer who had to tip off and put on a load of wood twice on his way out of the woods and found it tipped over by a bad place in the road the third time, showed true philosophy when he looked at the wreck and saying, "waal, I guess I wont fret about it, I shant feel so well if I do," went to whistling merrily, and put matters to rights. Be merry. There are sorrows that strike deep into the heart, and merit and receive the sympathy of all, but the vexations and troubles of every-day life may well be slighted. God has placed us here to be happy, and provided ample means for our happiness as long as we trust in Him, and to go through the world fretting and growling and finding fault, thereby making ourselves and all around us unhappy, is an injustice to our friends, and base ingratitude to God.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one that with no memory of the past and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy of humanity and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

"GIVING QUARTER."—Our boys and girls probably have often heard this expression, and it may be they would like an explanation of it. Giving quarter is a custom well known in warfare, and it came from an agreement between the Dutch and Spanish, that when a soldier or an officer was taken prisoner, his ransom or price of liberty would be a quarter of his year's pay. Hence for the conquered to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for personal safety. "No quarter" meant, in plain terms that liberty would not be granted for that price.

LIFE'S MISSION.

BY E. M. S.

In the wide world around me
Is there nothing I can do?
No worthy occupation,
I with profit may pursue

Looking round I see all nature
Teeming, with its busy life;
All the kingdoms now are vieing;
In a grand and glorious strife.

Up above me, in the heavens,
Shines the blight and blazing sun;
Smiling, as it whispers gently:
I a glorious work have done.

By it we see the Winter
With his chilling mantle flees.
Warming sun, unlocks earth's storehouse,
And unbinds the frozen seas.

As its rays, to us descending,
Quickens pulse of mother earth,
To a varied vegetation,
With their fruits she giveth birth.

Denizens of air are flitting,
On a light but rapid wing;
Making melody all around me,
By the gladsome songs they sing.

Bees are busy, filling storehouse,
With the sweets from off the flowers;
Steadily their work pursuing,
Through the swiftly passing hours.

. . . . . .

Each to me the cry repeateth,
Be no idler in the strife;
There is work for every creature,
Each a mission has in Life.

We to man present our blessings,
Freely offering what we may.
You with powers more exalted,
To their hearts may find a way.

There are sufferings to alleviate,
Needs there are to be supplied.
Souls in darkness, who are groping,
Needing much a steady guide.

Be a neighbor to the fallen,
Who has fainted by the way;
Bend with outstretched arms to aid him,
Oh! yes, help him, it will pay.

It involves unnecessary expense
A trouble for each one of them to
spond with this office, and to

The Maine Liquor Law.

SONOMA, Cal., November 10, 1874.

EDITOR MORNING CALL:—In your issue of September 28th is the following: "The anti-Local Option party in Maine are jubilant over a discovery just made by the lawyers, to the effect that owing to legislative blunders, there is not now, nor has there been for two years, a liquor law in that State."

Knowing that the "anti-Local Option party" in California has perversely misrepresented the facts in regard to temperance reform in Maine, I availed myself of a long acquaintance (in early days) with Governor Dingley, to call his attention to the above paragraph. His reply is given below:

"STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEP'T.,
"AUGUSTA, October 23, 1874.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to inform you in reply to your inquiry, that there is no truth in the report that a legislative blunder has resulted in the repeal of the Maine Prohibitory Liquor Law. It is true that some lawyer thought he had discovered such a blunder, but investigation showed that there was no ground for the conclusion. Our 'Maine Law' is in full force, and its influence for good is yearly increasing. All agitation for its repeal has ceased, and a large majority of the people accept it as the most effective legislation yet devised in restraint of dram-shops. Outside of a few cities, it has well nigh uprooted all the open tippling shops in the State, and has largely decreased crime and the consumption of intoxicating drinks. Truly yours,

(Signed) "NELSON DINGLEY, JR."

The Liquor Bill for a Year.

There are in this city 913 saloons, 675 groceries, 227 restaurants and coffee houses, and 51 stands where liquors are disposed of in quantities of less than five gallons to those who call for it. It is estimated that in these places the sum of $18,680 daily, or $6,708,200 annually, is spent by the residents of this city for liquor.

What Liquor Costs Alameda County.

According to a calculation made at the county seat a few days since, there are about 300 places in Alameda County where liquor is sold. On the supposition that each of these places takes on an average $10 a day, there would, in 365 days, be expended the $1,095,000 for liquor, averaging $27 50 for each man, woman and child in the county of a population of 40,000.

[Written for the Weekly Times.]

MY THOUGHTS AND I.

BY WILLARD.

Alone once more, my thoughts and I,
'Tis well sometimes to be alone;
But chance a wandering thought may fly
On restless wings to seek my home.

Once more alone, my thoughts and I,
Sweet is the spell when we're alone!
But who intrudes? A deep-drawn sigh,
Reminding one of joys at home.

Alone to-night, my thoughts and I—
Enchanting visions of my home
Flit vaguely by my sleepless eye,
Whilst by ourselves we're all alone.

Alone, Alone, my thoughts and I,
Thinking earth has no place like home:
But now who comes? Another sigh—
'Tis sometimes sad to be alone.

Still, Still alone, my thoughts and I,
My heart in prayer for friends at home;
Tears fall like rain-drops from the sky,
Sweet hour of prayer, whilst we're alone.

CINCINNATI, July 25, 1873.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

I did not love your yellow hair,
Or skin of tawny hue;
I never said your hand was fair,
Or that your eyes were blue.
I did not call your figure fine,
Or praise your tiny feet;
Nor, when to song you did incline,
Declare your voice was sweet.
I did not woo as others woo,
With vows both weak and rash;
For every charm I saw in you
Was told in one word—Cash!

UNSATISFACTORY.

BY MACMILLAN.

"Have other lovers—say, my love—
Loved thus before to-day?"—
"They may have, yes, they may, my love;
Not long ago they may."

"But tho' they worshiped thee, my love,
Thy maiden heart was free?"—
"Don't ask too much of me, my love;
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet now it is you and I, my love,
Love's wings no more will fly?"—
"If Love could never die, my love,
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
And Love and I must go?"—
"Indeed I do not know, my love;
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love;
Nor look and love anew!"
"I'll see what I can do, my love;
I'll see what I can do."

ENLARGEMENT OF CANALS.—The original size of the Erie Canal was twenty-eight feet on the bottom, forty feet on the surface, and four feet in depth. In 1862 its enlargement was completed, which made it fifty feet wide at bottom, seventy on the surface, seven in depth, and capable of floating a boat carrying two hundred and thirty tons. It is now proposed to enlarge it to the capacity of floating vessels of six hundred tons burden. The Welland Canal, from Lake Erie to Ontario, passes vessels of six hundred tons, and is to be enlarged to double its present capacity.

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Is there nothing I can do?
No worthy occupation,
I with profit may pursue

Looking round I see all nature
Teeming, with its busy life;
All the kingdoms now are vieing;
In a grand and glorious strife.

Up above me, in the heavens,
Shines the blight and blazing sun;
Smiling, as it whispers gently:
I a glorious work have done.

By it we see the Winter
With his chilling mantle flees.
Warming sun, unlocks earth's storehouse,
And unbinds the frozen seas.

As its rays, to us descending,
Quickens pulse of mother earth,
To a varied vegetation,
With their fruits she giveth birth.

Denizens of air are flitting,
On a light but rapid wing;
Making melody all around me,
By the gladsome songs they sing.

Bees are busy, filling storehouse,
With the sweets from off the flowers;
Steadily their work pursuing,
Through the swiftly passing hours.

. . . . . .

Each to me the cry repeateth,
Be no idler in the strife;
There is work for every creature,
Each a mission has in Life.

We to man present our blessings,
Freely offering what we may.
You with powers more exalted,
To their hearts may find a way.

There are sufferings to alleviate,
Needs there are to be supplied.
Souls in darkness, who are groping,
Needing much a steady guide.

Be a neighbor to the fallen,
Who has fainted by the way;
Bend with outstretched arms to aid him,
Oh! yes, help him, it will pay.

Every act of mercy given
To the suffering, Rich or Poor,
Reapeth rich reward from heaven—
Lay them at the actors door.

Ask no longer then the question,
Is there nothing I can do?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting
There is work enough for you.

The Maine Liquor Law.

SONOMA, Cal., November 10, 1874.

EDITOR MORNING CALL:—In your issue of September 28th is the following: "The anti-Local Option party in Maine are jubilant over a discovery just made by the lawyers, to the effect that owing to legislative blunders, there is not now, nor has there been for two years, a liquor law in that State."

Knowing that the "anti-Local Option party" in California has perversely misrepresented the facts in regard to temperance reform in Maine, I availed myself of a long acquaintance (in early days) with Governor Dingley, to call his attention to the above paragraph. His reply is given below:

"STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPT.,
"AUGUSTA, October 23, 1874.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to inform you in reply to your inquiry, that there is no truth in the report that a legislative blunder has resulted in the repeal of the Maine Prohibitory Liquor Law. It is true that some lawyer thought he had discovered such a blunder, but investigation showed that there was no ground for the conclusion. Our 'Maine Law' is in full force, and its influence for good is yearly increasing. All agitation for its repeal has ceased, and a large majority of the people accept it as the most effective legislation yet devised in restraint of dram-shops. Outside of a few cities, it has well nigh uprooted all the open tippling shops in the State, and has largely decreased crime and the consumption of intoxicating drinks. Truly yours,

(Signed) "NELSON DINGLEY, JR."

The Liquor Bill for a Year.

There are, in this city 913 saloons, 675 groceries, 22[illegible] restaurants and coffee houses, and 61 stands where liquors are disposed of in quantities of less than five gallons to those who call for them. It is estimated that in these places the sum of $18,680 daily, or $6,708,200 annually, is spent by the residents of this city for liquor.

What Liquor Costs Alameda County.

According to a calculation made at the county seat a few days since, there are about 300 places in Alameda County where liquor is sold. On the supposition that each of these places takes on an average $50 a day, there would, in 365 days, be expended $[illegible],095,000 for liquor, averaging $27 50 for each man, woman and child in the county of a population of 40,000.

[Written for the Weekly Times.]

MY THOUGHTS AND I.

BY WILLARD.

Alone once more, my thoughts and I,
'Tis well sometimes to be alone;
But chance a wandering thought may fly
On restless wings to seek my home.

Once more alone, my thoughts and I,
Sweet is the spell when we're alone!
But who intrudes? A deep-drawn sigh,
Reminding one of joys at home.

Alone to-night, my thoughts and I—
Enchanting visions of my home
Flit vaguely by my sleepless eye,
Whilst by ourselves we're all alone.

Alone, Alone, my thoughts and I,
Thinking earth has no place like home:
But now who comes? Another sigh—
'Tis sometimes sad to be alone.

Still, Still alone, my thoughts and I,
My heart in prayer for friends at home;
Tears fall like rain-drops from the sky,
Sweet hour of prayer, whilst we're alone.

CINCINNATI, July 25, 1873.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

I did not love your yellow hair,
Or skin of tawny hue;
I never said your hand was fair,
Or that your eyes were blue.
I did not call your figure fine,
Or praise your tiny feet;
Nor, when to song you did incline,
Declare your voice was sweet.
I did not woo as others woo,
With vows both weak and rash;
For every charm I saw in you
Was told in one word—Cash!

UNSATISFACTORY.

BY MACMILLAN.

"Have other lovers—say, my love—
Loved thus before to-day?"—
"They may have, yes, they may, my love;
Not long ago they may."

"But tho' they worshiped thee, my love,
Thy maiden heart was free?"—
"Don't ask too much of me, my love;
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet now it is you and I, my love,
Love's wings no more will fly?"—
"If Love could never die, my love,
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
And Love and I must go?"—
"Indeed I do not know, my love;
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love;
Nor look and love anew!"
"I'll see what I can do, my love:
I'll see what I can do."

ENLARGEMENT OF CANALS.—The original size of the Erie Canal was twenty-eight feet on the bottom, forty feet on the surface, and four feet in depth. In 1862 its enlargement was completed, which made it fifty feet wide at bottom, seventy on the surface, seven in depth, and capable of floating a boat carrying two hundred and thirty tons. It is now proposed to enlarge it to the capacity of floating vessels of six hundred tons burden. The Welland Canal, from Lake Erie to Ontario, passes vessels of six hundred tons, and is to be enlarged to double its present capacity.

Casket of Diamonds.

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

God speed the plough-share!—tell me not
  Disgrace attends the toil
Of those who plough the dark green sod,
  Or till the fruitful soil.
Why should the honest ploughman shrink
  From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
  'Tis mind that makes the man.

God speed the plough-share, and the hands
  That till the fruitful earth,
For there is in this world so wide
  No gem like honest worth!
And though the hands are dark with toil,
  And flushed the manly brow,
It matters not, for God will bless
  The labors of the plough.

MARK LANE EXPRESS.

DEATH.

Death—what is Death, at whose pale picture men
Shake, and the blood grows cold? Is he one thing?
Dream, Substance, Shadow, or is Death more vague-
Made up of many fears, which band together
And overthrow the soul? Give me reply!
Is Death so terrible? Why, we do know
Philosophy, religion, fame, revenge,
Despair, ambition, shame, all conquer it.
The soldier who doth face it every day,
The feathered savage, and the sailor, tossing
All night upon the loose, uncertain deep,
Laugh it to scorn. The fish, the bird, the brute
(Though each doth apprehend the sense of pain),
Never dread death. It is a weakness bred
Only in man. Methinks, if we build up
Our proud distinction, sole supremacy,
Upon so slight foundation as our fears,
Our fame may totter.

BARRY CORNWALL.

DAY-DAWN.

The first low fluttering breath of waking day,
Stirs the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
Float slowly o'er the sky to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun, whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze,
Like snow-ball at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale circlet melts into the gray.
Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleam
Of rosy light that touch its glorious brow,
And murmurs joy with all his thousand streams,
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
Like youthful beauty's in its changeful hue,
When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding her
  adieu.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

"CALM IS THE NIGHT."

Calm is the night, and the city is sleeping—
  Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;
Long, long ago she left it, weeping,
  But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
  Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case;
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
  O heaven, he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing,
  Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being
  Many a night in the days of old?—HEINE.

GOD AND MAMMON.

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
  Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends gospel texts with trading gammon—
  A blackleg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week;
  A saving bet against his sinful bias.
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie, I cheat—do anything for pelf;
  But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

HOOD.

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then, how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one, like rays
  That fade upon a summer's eve;
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
  Those weary, happy days did leave,
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
  And with her blessing took her nightly kiss?
  Whatever time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

EXPERIENCE.

Adversity is the first path to truth;
He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Hath won the experience which is deemed so weighty.

BYRON.

Merry-Making.

"The gout, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, sir. I take it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a labored wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired. "Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile. "Think, sir," replied Sam, "why, I think he's the victim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, when he buried him."

Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communications, etc., concluded by saying, "That he had fought in the armies of Marie Theresa, in Germany, when battles used to be won in a systematic way."—"You must be old," said Napoleon. "Yes, I am either sixty or seventy."—"Why, colonel, you have certainly lived long enough to count years a little more closely:"—"General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and I shall not lose one of them."

In Italy a lover places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "You are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies "I consent;" but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her is only indifference; to place yourself near her is interest; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance is love.

As one of the Dover (England) volunteers was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin, who called out, "Who shot the dog?" This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish; so, turning sharply, he said, "If you are not off, I'll shoot a donkey." Whereupon the boy, calling out to one of his companions, rejoined, "I say, Bill, look here—this ere fellow is going to commit suicide."

A detective brought one day into the chief's office a long string of hair, which he said was "off the head" of the Japanese. It was hung up in the office, and gazed at all day by crowds. At night, however, the chief asked him how he knew it was "off the head" of the Japanese. "O, well," was the reply, "it isn't *on* their head, so, of course, it must be *off!*" It turned out to be the tail of some animal.

Campbell relates:—"Turner the painter is a ready wit. Once at dinner, where several artists, amateurs and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters* and *glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*."

A nephew of Mr. Bagges, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefits of the application of steam to useful purposes. "For all which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank—what was his name?"—"Watt was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys!

A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the queen's head under examination was a postage-stamp.

A gentleman on circuit narrating to his lordship some extravagant feat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three *hairs!*" exclaimed Lord Norbury. "Zounds, sir, then you must have been firing at a wig."

Two passengers were conversing in a railway carriage about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'"—"No," the latter replied, "I always shave myself."

Brutus, smoking a cigar, was accosted by Julius Cæsar. "What!—you smoke?" asked the latter negro. "I do," said Brutus, offering his friend a whiff. "*Et chew*, Brute?" was the exclamation of Cæsar.

"I am very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands."—"I should suppose, sir, that a young gentleman who had so many mittens given him by the ladies might at least keep his hands warm."

Of what two cities in France are you reminded by seeing a lady in a morning-gown, which is very large and drags upon the ground? Toulon and Toulouse (too long and too loose).

The Pilgrim's Revery.

The waning moon shines pale and still;
The winds in russet branches die;
Day faints upon the darkening hill,
And melts into the days gone by.

The vanished days, now dim and far,
Yet none so dead they cannot wake
And stir in me, as yon high star
Quivers, deep-visioned, in the lake.

They glimmer down the moon's long beam,
They rustle in the russet tree;
They fade in twilight's melting dream,
And slide in starlight down to me.

I feel the hush of brooding wings,
The warmth of tender joys far flown,
And little flights and flutterings
Of blessings that were once my own.

But O most sweet, and O most sad,
Of all these lost delights that thrill!—
The blessings that I almost had,
But life can never more fulfill.

And yet 'tis strange, but these are more
My own, to-night, than all beside,—
Glad stars upon a distant shore,
That draw my sails across the tide.

Fade, golden evenings, fade and sink!
Burn, crimson leaves, burn out and fall!
For life is greater than we think,
And death the surest life of all.

Scribner's for October.

JOHN'S W

A YOUNG wife stood with her hai
And looked around the little room;
"Nothing but toil, forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fle
If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passing her hand o'er his hair,
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low-bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead,
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be, once more, the poor man's bride."
From his easy-chair, spoke gentleman John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

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ROLL CALL IN HEAVEN.

This incident is related by an army chaplain: The hospital tents had been filled up as fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battlefield—that sleep that knows no waking until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had been their round of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls, in a clear, distinct voice, "Here." The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he. "They are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone to join the army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. In the great roll-call of eternity will your name be heard? Can you answer, "Here"? Are you one of the soldiers of salvation?—*Christian Commonwealth.*

There are three Bibles—those of nature, intuition and revelation—which mother-hearts must study. Through these the full powers of man and woman shall be summed at last. A new heaven shall arch over our heads, a new earth shall smile under our feet, and a little child, who is indeed the child of God, shall lead humanity along the beckoning way. All this is meant in every postal card you write, every letter you send out, every affectionate message, every weary step, and if one can but grasp its sacred significance, weariness will be overwhelmed by gratitude.—*Frances E. Willard.*

Died Nov 26. 1874
At Washington Cor. for want of more breath, a poor little dove.
The funeral ceremony was conducted in a very touching manner, by Sister D. Miss K. & the Misses Kit.

A Congratulation party was given in hono. of Mr. & Mrs. James Threlfall on Tuesday evening Dec. 1st 1874.
Every thing passed off pleasantly; and every one seemed to be enjoying the party; Especially one little bit of a, great big, long, slim, thick, heavy set man who might have been seen dodging behind the window curtain where they kept the soda or

Local Items

The members of Washington Lodge anticipated a grand wedding to take place within these sacred walls;
But our P. W. C. T. Samuel B. Robinson & Mis. Sarah Jane Ames were married on Tuesday Dec 1/74 in Stockton.
Also our W. C. T. Don Alonzo Robinson to Sister Ellen Geraldine Denmark, on Tuesday Dec. 1. 1874, at the residence of Mr Denmark;

Although very much disappointed, we shall all join in wishing them many joys in the ~~coming~~ year to come.
And desire them to continue their presence with us here.

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retiring for a breath of cool fresh air. He always smacked his lips and wiped his chops upon entering to the hall.

Will the day ever come when intoxication will be driven from our land? Yes my brothers & sisters it must come.

These young lives are too precious to be lost. They only lack confidence in our good will toward them. Let us endeavor to be more demonstrative in our affection.

A Christmas tree is in contemplation for Christmas-eve of 1875.
Welcome to all.
A lively time is anticipated.

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A TALL Yankee, standing six feet three in his stockings, was suddenly attacked with symptoms of a fever. Having a violent pain in his head, his wife, to afford him relief was about to apply draughts to his feet when he asked:

"What are you putting them on my feet for?"

"Why," said she, "to draw the pain out of your head?"

"The deuce!" says he; "I would rather it stay where it is than have it drawn the whole length of me."

ON the day of an eclipse, when the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets.

"Where does my lord wish to go? said the driver.

"To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the window; "only drive up as near as possible for I am short sighted."

A BOY, away down in Georgia, wrote his composition thus: "The pig is about as big as a sheep, only a pig's wool isn't good for making stockings of. Why is the pig like a tree? Because he roots. That is conundrum. A pig washes himself in the mud. A pig has four legs one under each corner of his body. They pickle pig's feet, but not till after the pig is done using 'em. A pig squeals awful when it rains and also when you pull its tail. A pig has got a first-rate voice for squealing, and he grunts when he feels good. You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail cos it is crooked. Why is a pig like Tommy Grant? Cos he's got his nose into everybody's business. This is another conundrum, which is all I know about a pig."

LOST.

Once there was a boat locked fast to a shore;
But rust eat the chains day by day,
And the boat was loosened more and more,
As the fastenings slipped away.
Yet any day, an outstretched hand
Could have caught it, and locked it again to land.

But never a hand was stretched to save,
And the boat at last was free;
And shot like an arrow over the wave,
And drifted out to mid-sea.
And never, oh! never across the main
Will the boat to shore be brought again.

So was my heart, love—linked to thine;
But neglect eat the chains away.
Yet a tender word, love, I opine,
Would have saved it any day.
Ay! a tender word, said first or last,
Would have mended the chain, and held it fast.

But the words were lacking; and so my heart
Slipped from its chains like the boat;
And then, as the last links fell apart,
It sped o'er the waves—afloat.
Nor pleading hands, nor words, you see,
Bring the boat to shore, or my heart to thee!

The Fortunes of Our Presidents.

[From the American Historical Record.]

Washington left an estate worth nearly $300,000.

The elder Adams left a moderate fortune at his death.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. If Congress had not purchased his library at a price far above its value (20,000), he would with difficulty have kept out of bankruptcy at the close of his life.

Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. The fortune of his widow was increased by the purchase of his manuscript papers by Congress for $30,000.

James Monroe, the sixth President, died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives, in a cemetery between second and Third streets, near the Bowery, in New York City.

John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and a small inheritance. He was methodical and economical.

Andrew Jackson left a valuable estate known as the Hermitage, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tennessee.

Martin Van Buren died rich. His estate was estimated at nearly $300,000.

James K. Polk left about $150,000.

John Tyler was a bankrupt when he became President. He husbanded his means while in office, and married a rich wife, and died wealthy in worldly fortune.

Zachary Taylor left about $150,000.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man.

Franklin Pierce saved $50,000 during his term of service as President.

James Buchanan died a bachelor, and left an estate valued at $200,000 at the least.

Abraham Lincoln left about $75,000.

Johnson is said to be worth about $50,000.

President Grant was poor before the war. By a careful husbandry of his salary, and through the generous gifts of friends before he became President, his fortune is a handsome competence.

"A Yankee poet thus breaks forth

"Oh the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her wee dimpled chin down to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon! Now flute like, subsiding, then raising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane."

THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

She gazed at the pitiless sky,
At the cold and barren earth,
At the hungry river rushing by,
And in deep despair resolved to die,
Cursing her hour of birth.
Her soul was deeply stained by crime—
A wreck cast up from the city's slime.

Why does she tremble and shrink
At the ghastly thought of death?
Why does she fear Lethe's cup to drink;
Why fear in oblivion's arms to sink,
If this life is but a breath?
Does the spirit-germ in her darkened soul
Revolt at death as man's final goal?

Does a vision of childhood hours
Sweep o'er her fevered brain?
A dream of wildwood bowers,
Of sunshine, buds and flowers,
Before temptation came?
A vision of home and its bliss, now lost
To her sin-sick soul so tempest-tossed?

The bell in the church-tower gray,
Within whose shadow she stands,
Is calling believers to kneel and pray;
While the "gate of hell" just over the way
Throws its red light across the sand
To where the river's cold, dark waves
The hem of her fouler garment laves.

"If I should kneel with the rest to pray,
I wonder if God would hear!
I am weary of sin's unhallowed sway—
Will no one teach me the better way?"
She cried in her doubt and fear:
But with glances of hate and insolent pride,
By the pious throng she was thrust aside.

We talk of "*this* Gospel day?"
We call *this* a Christian land!
Oh, God! When a sinner to thee would pray,
From the temple's gate she is turned away
Alone in the street to stand.
Wantonly, wickedly forced from the light,
Left fainting and dizzy in darkness and night.

And when in the dreary morn,
With white lips evermore dumb,
With garments ooze-dripping and torn,
Face hunger-stamped and sin-worn,
She's dragged from the river's slum,
Can you, from your brow, wash the mark of Cain?
Can you call from the earth's depths the soul you have slain?

—[Christian Union.

SLEIGHING WITH A GIRL.—Of all the joys vouchsafed to a man in life's tempestuous whirl, there's naught approaches heaven so near as sleighing with a girl—a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank, good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, dashing, doting, smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl. Pile up your wealth a mountain high, you sneering, scoffing churl, I'll laugh as I go dashing by with my jingling bells and girl—the brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest, spunkiest, spiciest, squirmiest, squarest, best of girls, with drooping lashes, half concealing amorous flashes—just the girl for a chap like me to court, and love, and marry, you see—with rosy cheeks and clustering curls, the sweetest and the best of girls.

TO MY MOTHER—IN HEAVEN.

BY MIRIAM FRENCH.

Mother, 'tis twenty years to-day
Since you were called from earth away;
In bitter angush I did pray—
To God to take me too.

'Twas wrong; but, oh! I loved you so,
And my young heart was filled with woe,
I could not bear to have you go—
And leave me all alone.

And now, tho' all those years have fled,
Since you were numbered with the dead,
I long to lay my weary head
Upon thy faithful breast.

For oh, my gentle mother mild,
Full many sorrows fierce and wild,
Thro' all these years have bowed thy child,
In sadness, grief, and tears.

For here I find no love like thine,
To cheer me on, dear Mother mine;
Methinks the nearest to divine
Is holy Mother love.

CATS.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and dreary,
Suddenly I heard a singing,
As of voices gently singing.
'Twas just outside my chamber door,
I heard a voice say "Nevermore."
Then from my pallet I arose
And silently put on my clothes.
I plounced and floundered o'er that floor,
While I was searching for that door,
But I had scarcely reached that door,
When came the chorus "Nevermore,"
I then peered out upon the green
And such a sight, I ne'er had seen!
Up in a tree a *Thomas Cat*
Did sit, and O, he sang so sweet,
And there beneath him on the ground
A dozen others's tore around
And as each other's eyes they tore,
Old Thomas shouted "Nevermore."

These cats they formed a desp'rate ring,
And as they fought did sweetly sing.
They sang and fought and sang and fought
Till all the neighboring forest sang,
And as they fought and sang and swore,
Old Thomas shouted "Nevermore."
But as I stood and gazed upon
The scene they all at me did run.
"Oh, cruel fate to be devoured,"
I thought, and then away I scoured;
As after me I slammed the door,
They screamed in chorus "Nevermore."

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said when he swallowed the bait.

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

Oats.

Oats are a singular grain, perhaps I should say plural, bekauze there iz more than one ov them.

They gro on the top ov a straw, about two foot, 9 and one-quarter inches hi, and the straw iz holler.

This straw iz interesting for its suckshun.

Short pieces ov it, about 8 inches, or so, dipt into the buzzum ov a sherry cobbler, will suckshun up the entire cobbler in 4 minnitts, bi the watch.

I never hav tried this, but I kno lots ov young and reliable men, who stand around reddy to prove this, if sum boddy will fetch on the cobbler.

This suckshun iz sed tew be a ded sure thing.

I hav been told bi a man who iz a grate traveler, that in the game of pharaoh, it iz the "splits" that win.

If this iz true, (reasoning from analogy,) I hav thought that the splits in the straw mite be in favor ov the cobbler and agin the suckshun.

But i aint certain ov this, in fakt i hav lost confidence in most everything, that haz to be proved, since i got so awfully dizzy about four years ago, trieing to prove to the chaplain ov an engine company, that lager beer waz not intoxikating, but waz full sister to filtered rane water.

If i had time i would relate more about this circumstanse, but i must git back onto oats agin.

I like tew see a man stick tite tew hiz text, if he haz tew bite into it tew do it.

I should have made a profitable minister as far as staying with a text iz concerned, for when i git through with a text you kant work what's left ov it into ennything else, not even a rag karpet.

Speaking ov rag karpets, brings mi wife tew mi mind.

Mi wife haz got a kind of hidraphoby, or burning fever ov sum kind, for rag karpets in the rag, and i don't hav but one pair ov clothes at a time on this ackount, and these i put tew sleep, under mi pillo, at nite, when I go tew bed.

She watches my clothes just az cluss az a mule duz a bistander, and i hav told all ov mi best friends, if i am ever lost, and kant be found soon, they may look for me in mi wife's last rool of rag karpet.

But for all this, i love mi wife with the affeckshun ov a parent, (she iz several years inferior tew me in age), and i had rather be rag karpeted bi her than tew be honey fugled, with warm apple sass, bi enny other woman.

But i must git back onto oats agin.

Oats gro on the summit ov sum straw, and are sharp at both ends.

They resemble shu pegs in looks and build, and it iz sed, are often mistaken for them bi near-sighted hosses and shumakers.

I dont intend this remark az enny derogativeness tew shumakers in the lump, for i have often sed, in mi inspired moments, if i couldn't be a shumaker, i would like tew be a good lawyer.

Oats are a phuny grain, 8 quarts ov them will make even a [illegible] hoss laff, and when [illegible] hoss laffs, you may know he is tickled somewhare.

This iz the natur ov oats as a beverage, they amuze the stummuck ov the hoss with their sharp ends, and then the hoss laffs.

I hav never saw a hoss laff, but i hav heard that it could be did.

Thare iz a grate menny folks, ov good moral karakter, who wont believe ennyfhing unless they kan see it, theze kind of folk are always the eazyest to cheat.

They wont beleave a rattle snake bight iz pizon until thay tri it; this kind of informashun alwus kosts more than it iz aktually worth.

It iz a middling wize man who profits of hiz own experience, but iz a good deal wizer one who lets the rattlesnaik bight the other phellow.

The Goddess ov korn iz also the Goddess ov oats, and barley, and bukwheat.

Her name iz Series; she is a mithological woman, and like menny wimmen now a daze, she iz hard tew lokate.

Theze mithology men and wimmen work well enuff in poetry, whare a good deal ov lieing don't hurt the sense, but when you come right down to korn in the ear or oats in the bundle, all the gods and goddesses in the world kant warrent a good crop.

It takes labor tew raize oats and thrash them out, but ov all the lazy cusses that have pestered the earth since Adam was a boy, the gods and goddesses hav always been too lazy to swet.

Enny being who haint never swet, dont kno what he iz worth.

I would like to see a whole parcell ov these gods, and goddesses, in a harvest field, reaping lodged oats, in the month of August; they couldn't earn their pepper-sass.

Oats are sold bi weight or mezzure, and are seldum (perhaps i may say in confidence never) sold by count.

Eggs, and money, are counted out but oats never.

It would be well for nu beginners to remember this, it would save them a good deal of time on every hundred bushels ov oats.

Time iz sed tew be the same az money, if this iz positively so, Methuseler died rich.

Methuseler waz exackly 999 years old when he died, now multipli this bi 365, which would only be allowing him a dollar a day for hiz time, and yu will find just what he was worth.

Oats are worth from 40 to 75 cents a bushel, ackording tew their price, and ain't good for much, only tew tickle a hoss.

They will choke a goose to deth quicker than a paper ov pins, and enny thing that will choke a goose to deth (i mean on the internal side ov their thrut) iz, tew say the least ov it, very skarse.

Speaking ov a goose, i have found out at last what makes them so tuff, it iz staying out so mutch in the cold.

I found this out all alone bi miself.

Oats are a very eazy crop tew raise.

All yu hav got to do, to raise sum oats, iz to plough the ground deep, then manure it well, then sprinkle the oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry the ground with a drag all over, then set up nites tew keep the chickens and woodchucks out ov them, then pray for sum rain, then kradle them down with a kradle, then rake them together with a rake, then bind them up with a band, then stick them up in a stack, then thrash them out with a flail, then clean them up with a mill, then sharpen both ends uv them with a knife, then stow them away in a granery, then spend wet days and Sundays trapping for rats and mice.

It aint nothing but phun tew raise oats. Try it.

One ov the best ways tew raise a sure crop ov oats, and tew git a good price for the crop, iz tew feed 4 quarts ov them to a shanghi rooster, then murder the rooster suddenly and sell him for twenty-five cents a pound, crop and all.

THE DOLLY VARDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN ERA.

Across the bay, the other day,
  I went to Alameda
To sniff the breeze among the trees,
  And pic-nic in the shad-a!
I strolled around the ample bound
  Within the pleasure garden,
Where I met my fate, my lovely Kate,
  In a beautiful Dolly Varden.

Her eyes were bright, her brow was white,
  Her cheeks were red as roses;
Her teeth like pearls, her hair in curls,
  And she'd one of the Grecian noses.
But all the charm of face and form
  Mine eyes were disregarding;
I only saw, as I gazed with awe,
  Her beautiful Dolly Varden.

Her ample waist the robe embraced
  With a kind of a calico splendor,
And streamed behind on each gust of wind
  On a kind of a Grecian bender.
She moved with grace about the place,
  With smiles her beaux rewardin';
As filled with doubt they hovered about
  The girl in the Dolly Varden.

As through the dance we led the advance
  I started a conversation,
My heart kept time with the music's chime,
  In fluttering agitation;
Her pa, she said, did use a spade,
  His name was Mike McArden;
And my heart was gone when the dance was
    done,
To the girl in the Dolly Varden.

I took my leave that April eve,
  When all the rout was over,
The happiest man in all the land,
  And Katie's accepted lover.
We lingered late beside the gate
  That kept her father's garden;
And I missed the train coming home again,
  On account of the Dolly Varden.

And since that night my dreams are bright,
  With pleasant fancies laden;
Of nectar sips from the ruby lips
  Of my lovely Ala-maiden.
And life to me would aimless be,
  And scarcely worth a farthin'
Without the girl with hair in curl,
  And the beautiful Dolly Varden.

S. B.

Welcome, Little Stranger.

BY A DISPLACED THREE YEAR OLD.

Muzzer bought a baby,
  Little bitsy sing;
Sink I mos could put him
  Frou my rubber ring.
Aint he awful ugly?
  Aint he awful pink?
"Just come down from heaven,"
  Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozzer
  Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joint zen,
  Tat aint why I cry.
Mama tays up bedroom,
  Guess he makes her sick;
Frow him in ze gutter,
  If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
  Call him "blesse[illegible]
Don't care if my [illegible]
  Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
  Every single day,
"Be a good boy, Charlie;
  Run away and play.

"Sink I ought to love him!"
  No, I won't; zo zere!
Nassy crying baby.
  Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
  Got my place in bed;
Mean to take my drum-stick,
  And crack him on the head.

☞ RAW BEEF FOR INVALIDS [illegible]

The Temperance "Echo"
Published by
Washington Lodge. No 386
I. O. G. T.

Right here at the foot of the cross, and here alone, can we find inspiration at once for the deepest pity and the purest philanthrophy.
See that degraded man:
why do I love him? Because he is so lovely? No; but because Christ died for him and for me. The chain which binds me to him passes through the heart of Christ.
The broken links of brotherhood are welded together by being welded to Jesus.

Rev. C D Foss.

Frankness in Love.

One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank — true to themselves and truthful to eachother.
How many uneasy, troubled, anxious minds, how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are today in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme but for a want of frankness.
A little concealment of existing love — a little covering up of doubt or suspicion which ~~which~~ a moments explanation would have removed — a little affected but unfelt partiality for a third person — a little cold disdain put on for effect — a little act of any kind done merely to torment — and see how much true love would

put up with — causes like these have estranged those who might otherwise have remained friends for life, connected by the closest tie which can bind human being together.
Repentance comes, inevitably, for all these things; and frankness is but another name for truth. Then be always frank.
Avoid misunderstandings.
Give no reason or occasion for them. They are more easily shunned than cured. They leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never try to deceive others.
Frankness is like the light on a clear day in which everything may be plainly perceived. Never part with your lover for a single day or night with any unexplained mystery

lingering between you to obstruct the course of true love. Be frank.

Fast Asleep

A henpecked man determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found them both fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not slip away.

What is that which no one wishes, and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

The use of Flowers.

God might have made the earth bring fruit
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all,
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night:—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

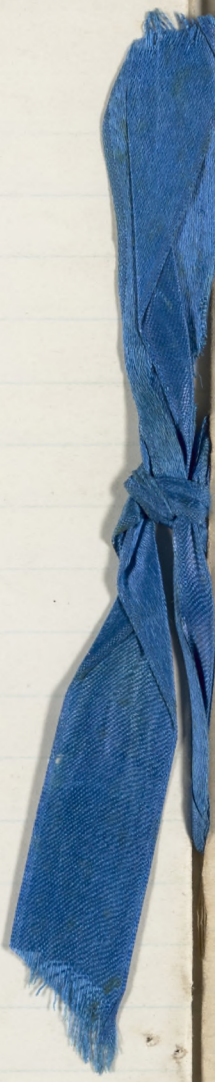
Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whenever his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

Mary Howitt

Fun, Fact and Fancy.

NEW YEAR'S ON THE STREET CARS.

Never full, pack 'em in !
Move up, fat men ; squeeze in thin ;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market baskets without number;
Owners easy, nod in slumber ;
Thirty seated, forty standing;
A dozen, or more, on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal-finger,
Car slacks up, but not a linger;
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shov'd inside to sweat and smolder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop-skirts crashed;
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder,
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together, unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky-toddies,
Tobacco, cheese, and lager beer,
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan—
And, if in luck, a "soap-fat man."
Aren't we jolly ? What a blessing !
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing.



The Temperance Echo.

Vol. 1 Washn May 31. 1873 No 2.
Dec 16, 1853

Worthy Chief Templar,
Officers & Members,

I beg pardon for neglecting my official duty in relation to the Echo.
Although my absence has not deprived you of anything; yet I feel it my duty to provide something for the good of the Order may it be ever so insipid.
As yet, I have received no communications from any of my Brothers or Sisters.
I am confident there is tallent enough in Washington Lodge to have a good paper every week; If you have no time to write please clip some thing; ~~So~~ a good paper we must have. ~~In~~ This term the prosperity of

Echo remains in your power.
I hope and request that some kind
Brother or Sister will take pitty on
me next week.

Washington May 28th 1873.

Our Washington College Commencement Exercises passed pleasantly on Wednesday evening May 28th 73. The four Graduates performed their parts well. What an honor they possess, being the first graduates of Washing College.

I certainly hope, and believe they do, understand that the past years of their life has only been devoted in building up a foundation for their future benefit: and that now they have just commenced.

Like every-thing else there is a dark shadow in the back-ground.

'Tis sad to think they will never go back as scholars, where so many happy hours have been spent in preparation for the anticipated event-

X The Temperance Echo.

Published by Washington Lodge 386

Vol 12. P O G T May 6th 1863.

Officers & Members;

Tonight the paper might be of some interest to you, as it consists almost if entirely of clippings, borrowed from good writers. One good brother provided me with some interesting articles, which I accepted thankfully.

I hope suppose you have all heard the news; Excitement of the Mason War, The Boston fire, why a total eclipse of the sun is nothing in comparison to the excitement of the news of today; Why just think of it; It must be true for he told me so, but I cant believe it; I'll bet you two bits to #1 00 that he is married, who? Why Hank Beardsley.

May joy be with him and peace be left behind.

Yet they may enjoy themselves as well in the future:
But the responsibilities of cares unknown to them now, will restrain their happiness in a measure; And when years of toil and trials have silvered their hair and old age creeps slowly upon them, they will think of their kind teachers address upon the presentation of their Diaplomas.

[illegible] ALL.]

"OUR BOYS AND GIRLS."

Some men of sense are trying hard
  To analyze those pearls;
And yet, with all their genius they
  Can't solve "our boys and girls:"
Those men in college culture skilled,
  May preach, and rant, and foam;
Yet here's a riddle they can't solve—
  "Our boys and girls at home."

I wish they'd let "our boys" alone,
  Nor torture them with trades;
Nor show them those grim halls of toil,
  Those anvils, trowels, and spades;
For all this talk but spoils them, sure,
  As acids spoil rich pearls;
"Our boys have willing hearts and arms—
  And they'll protect "our girls."

I wish they'd let "our girls" alone;
  God knows they've had enough
Of lectures, sermons, free advice,
  And all such nasty stuff:
"Our girls" are pretty, proud and brave,
  Which no sane man denies;
And if you let them have their way,
  Why, they'll protect "our boys."

San Francisco. BARNEY.

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said, when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

"My Lord!" said the foreman of a Welsh jury when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty!"

At an auction of miscellaneous articles out of doors it began to sprinkle, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he put up should be an umbrella.

The first newspaper issued in America was published in Boston, April 24th, 1702, by John Campbell.

"YOU are very stupid, Thomas," said a country schoolmaster to a little boy eight years old; "you are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

A LONDON witness having told the magistrate that he was a penman, was asked in what part of literature he wielded his pen, when he replied that he penned sheep in Smithland Market.

On Monday last a portly sister emptied the tea, the tea leaves, the teapot and herself in the backyard, she crept slowly in to the kitchen with the handle of the teapot in one hand & her head in the other.

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x An unfortunate brother gracefully stumbled over a stake, (not a porter house,) and as he expressed it, barked the hide darned nigh off; the question is, which was barked this shin or the stake.

---

x A Mrs. — rushed frantically in to her neighbors, asked for some mustard to make a poultice, she stated that her son had been thrown from a goat against the a fence, and she wished to put mustard on it soon as possible. On what the son the goat or the fence?

BE SENSIBLE.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there is some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of wet; if bakers left off baking bread because it is hot work; if plowmen would not plow because of cold and heat; if tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what would we come to? Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about an honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had.

You must not be afraid of work if you wish health and wealth.

You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, or plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind; when you can dig the field with a toothpick; blow ships along with fans; manure the crops with lavendar-water, and grow plum cakes in flower-pots, there will be fine times for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with.

"You may say what you please," said Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade, "Jake was a good boy, he was, and a great hunter; but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in the State, and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was out shootin' with him ono mornin'. I tell you the duck was plenty; and other game was despised so long as we could see duck. Jake, he was too mean to blaze away unless he could put down two or three at a shot. Jake was often blowin' me up for wastin' shot and powder so; but I didn't care—I blazed away. Well, somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as air, and I could see the flask lay on the bottom. Jake being a good swimmer, also diver, he said he'd fetch her up; and in a minute he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for old Jake. Good Jerusalem! There sot old Jake on a pile of oyster-shells, pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

Woman in the Sick Room.

There are some lessons common to all women, and these all should learn to the very best of their ability; lessons which will fit her to fulfill worthily those duties which very few women pass through life without being called upon to perform. Among these are the cultivation of punctuality, neatness, orderliness, quickness and dexterity in all womanly and household tasks, and (I had almost said above all) the duties of a nurse. To all women will come a time—aye, many a time—when the comfort, the very life, perhaps, of her dear ones, will depend upon her skill as a nurse; and how many are utterly helpless and useless in a sick room! The frequently heard expression, "I am no nurse," gives one a feeling of pain, almost of aversion, when coming from the lips of a woman. A woman who cannot nurse is deprived of one of her most valuable and sacred rights, and that this may not be forfeited, she should be educated to the proper performance of those duties which entitle her to claim it as her own.

The lady who faints at the sight of blood, shrinks in helpless horror from the ghastly wound or loathsome sore, is too nervous to watch through the lonely midnight hours, and too delicately organized to bear the close, medicated air of the sick-room, may to some be very sweet and interesting; but the true wives and mothers, daughters and sisters, to whom men turn in their hours of need, whose influence is powerful in the time of sore temtation and despair, on whose breast the dying head pillows itself with lowing trust, belong to that class of women who can forget themselves utterly and bear all things for the sake of those who are ill and suffering and helpless.

From early childhood girls should be taught the duties pertaining to a sick-room. Nursing is one of their natural instincts; but if not carefully cultivated, it may lose its vitality and die. Foster the germ carefully, all you to whom the education and bringing-up of girls may be committed, and rest assured your labors will be repaid by a rich and abundant harvest.

At Washington on Monday evening last a Lodge of the K. of P. was organized. It bears the name of Diamond Lodge No 22. May it live for ever, & honor to its noble cause.

Joker's Budget.

The Mind-your-own-business Society needs more members, and there are a great many people who ought to join it.

A young lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom!"

The following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph:—"Here lies the remains of Thomas Wood*hen*—the most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men. N. B.—The name is Wood*cock*—but it would not come in rhyme."

A chaplain in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her "if there were any Presbyterians around there." She hesitated a moment and said she guessed not; her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there!

An Irishman in describing America, said: "I am told that ye might roll England thru' it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might dround ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd nivir be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell o' whiskey."

Sir Wm. Brown, a pompous sort of a man, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer:

"Sir, do you know that I have been in two universities?"

"Well," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew."

A school-master in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. —, have you not furniture enough yet?"

"Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the school-master this winter, and am making preparations."

"Gentleman — "My good woman, how much is that goose?"

Market Woman—"Well, you may have two at seven shillin'."

Gentleman—"But I only want one."

Market Woman—"Can't help it; ain't a goin' to sell one without the other. Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, hev been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't a goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

Formerly in a town in this neighborhood, a certain doctor was choir-leader. One Sabbath the hymn given out by the minister, commenced with the following line:

"With hyssop, purge thy servant, Lord,"

The doctor pitched the tune, and led off; but broke down before finishing the line. He tried a second and a third time with the same result—when a wag on the ground floor rose in his pew, and turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed, "Try some other *airb*, doctor."

SOUND ARGUMENT.—A colored gentleman, preaching to a black audience at the South, said:

"I s'pose, I s'peck dat de reason de Lord made us brack men, were case he use all de white clay up 'fore he got to de brack men, and he had to make him brack. But dat don't make no odds my bredren; de Lord look after de brack men too. Don't de scriptures say dat two sparrer-hawks are sold for a farden, and dat not one of 'em shall fall to de ground, with dar farder! Well, den my bredren, if your heavenly fader cares so much for de sparrer hawks, when you can buy two of dem for a farden, how berry much more he cares for you, dat is wuf six or seben hundred dollars a piece!"

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any of the back numbers of the HOME CIRCLE, from No. 1., at 5 cents each.

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Womans rights.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I am very tired tonight, but as a sense of duty due you I must turn my thoughts for one brief hour to the Echo.
Time is precious, so I will pencil my thoughts as they come, and send them up for publication, without any correction, hoping you will excuse all mistakes.
I have thought but little on this subject, consequently am not prepared to write much.
In my opinion woman possesses a great many rights and privileges if she would only adopt them.
Why does she wish for power in the ballot, when her home duties are sometimes more than she can bare, She may be ever so compitent to discuss politics, or talk of mens

affairs in general, but such women are generally of a masculine appearance; Their faces instead of having an expression of calm purity are bronzed over with a great deal of brass.
Just their stamp would disturb the peace.
I certainly think that man possesses a right (not a right a priviage) that only pure minded women can change.
But voting can never rectify that wrong.
For instance a man will associate with people whom he would not consider a disgrace for his Mother, Wife, or Sister, to recognize, For all that he expects to, and is received into respectable society.
Woman posses the right and priviage to show a Motherly

Sisterly affection for the weak-minded by inviting them into ~~their~~ our parlors, enter into lively and interesting conversation, make them understand they are welcom. If every woman would adopt this right-due her, soon the homeless youngmen whose Souls are as dear to our Heavenly Father as our own, every bit; would shun the rumshops, and learn to loathe the vulgar baseness of such a den. Rumsellers would be obligied to shut up shop, adopt the plan of the pure minded women, and turn their Barrooms into respectables places fit for the most learned and well bred ladies & gentleman. If woman only realized her ~~duty~~ rights in this respect, ~~and~~ a

duty & What a differance there would be in the love existing among families, friends & society; Our brothers need this help; Which is belongs to the Pure minded Womans right.

The Temperance Echo

Published by the I.O.G.T

Every Friday Evening A.D. 1870

Vol. I Washington Corners Sept 22nd No I

Motto "If drinking cause my brother to offend I will drink no more while the world stands" Paul

Sallutatory

In taking charge of the editorial department of the Temperance Echo: we do it with the full confidence of ample support from the Lodge: knowing that unless its colums are filled by various contributions from persons interested, it will fail to meete your expectations: nevertheless we shall do all in our feeble way to make the Echo a source of interest and benefit to our noble Order. From the various spheres in which we all move, mutch may be gleaned of a scientific or general nature which may serve to promote the welfare of our society, and impel more rapidly forward the wheels of Temperance Reform. Let all feel a lively interest in contributing to the pages of the Echo, and it will soon become a beacon light in the van of civilization.

We often meet legislators, politicians & merchants wrangling about short crops, high tariffs, and crying "hard times"; while they are individually, paying out every day from one to five dollars, for whiskey, wine, brandy & beer; yet, in the very midst of their drunkenness; cry "hard times"!

Behold the poverty which so many are laboring under, brought about by that demon of all others the most formable, perverted appetite.

With this comes utter moral ~~and~~ mental and physical prostration

The Good Templars reform has for its object, the shutting down of the mighty flood gates of dissipation and inaugrating wealth & comfort. Then lets put our shoulders to the wheels, and help roll on the great Temperance Car. of industry, never flinching, and with a determination of wresting the public trust from men of intemperate habits: and let the European emperors and petty tyrants see by our healthful legislation, that our Legislators and government at large Temperance is a nation ~~of~~

Does It Pay?

The intemperate youth of twenty has a chance of living 15½ years; while the temperate youth of the same age has a chance of living 44 years, or nearly three times as long. Think of this you who drink; you give for the pleasures of dissipation two thirds of your life. Will it pay to make such a sacrifice? But it is not nearly the time that you loose. You loose a good name, you loose the comforts of health and influence and domestic happiness, the joys of a pure conscience and of Gods favor — you loose the joys of an eternal heaven you might win but for drink. Will it pay to make such a sacrifice? Could you know that when one third of your life shall be spent, some enemy will pursue you to death if you remain within his reach, would you not put impassable barriers of space and concealment between you and your deadly foe? The impassible barrier between man and his deadly foe intemperance is total abstinence. Why not my friend who quaffs the deadly wave, interpose this barrier between the cup o death?

Come dear friends sign the pledge with

an earnest sense of its importance, and
strive manfully and religiously to keep it.
O, where are you going so fast young man?
Where are you going so fast,
With a cup in your hand, a flush on your brow?
Though pleasure and fun may accompany now,
It tells of a sorrow to come by-and-by,
It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh
It tells of a shameful grave you know
Down in the dismal haunts of woe—
Come dash it to earth, you know you can,
Then sign our pledge and be a man.

What it Costs to Be a Good Templar

[Communication]

To the Editor of the Temperance Ech.

We hear from many outside of the Lodge, that it costs considerable to be a G Templer. Having a few spare moments, we thought it would be well to compare the costs of being a G.T. to that of a moderate drinker, for one year.

To be a G.T. it cost as follows, Initiation fee two dollars, two degrees one dollar each; dues for quarter one dollar and fifty cents, total, ten dollar for one year.

The costs of a moderate drinker is three drinks per day at 5 cents a drink, making 15 cents a day. There being 365 days in a year, he would pay out at that rate $54.75: and liquors will have to be bought by the gallon, to get it for 5 cent a drink.

The moderate drinker must have a good time occasionally, especially wh meeting friends, and this at the cost of a sever sick headache next day

Of course the good G.T. enjoys himself also, but not at the expense of an aching head

The figures show that it costs the G.T. to become a member for one year $10.

The moderate drinker figures up at $54.75 for one year, leaving a nice sum of $44.75 in the pocket of the G. T.

Fraternally yours

X

Notice.

The Washington Lodge No 386 of P. O. G. T. meets in their Hall on Main St. Washington Alameda county every Thursday Evening at 8. o'clock

Notice

The G. T. hold their Degree meetings every two weeks in their new Hall at Washington Alameda county, commencing at quarter to 8. o'clock One week from Saturday evening next, will be the regular meeting night, All G. T. that have not taken the Degrees and wish to do so, are requested to make application for the Same to the Financial Secretary

Special Notice

On or about Christmas, the Cold Water Train will be in running order, The fair will be reduced on this line.

The Future Of Our Lodge

For the encouragement of the Lodge, let us reflect, that some four months ago, it was organized with but eleven members, and some of them reluctantly gave their names; but at every coming together we gained strength, while our faith grew strong in the cause, and like the ancient Babylonians when the prophet said to them, "fear not, and go to work every one of you, for I will make Israel the the desire of all nations, and the glory of the latter house shall be greater than that of the former", and in obedience to the promise, they soon found themselves in possession of the great Temple of King Solomon. If we continue to work our Temple will be like unto the glory of latter house; let ~~and~~ the friends of Temperance use their influence in the great cause in which we have inlisted, ~~the time may come, that~~ until the use of intoxicating drinks will be done away with; then the time will have come "when the Wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall bud and blossom as the rose"

Chaplain

"Our Temperance Lodge"

Will you join our temperance Lodge
And abstain from drinking wine
Lager beer, and cider
And drinks of every kind

We know it is an evil
To get drunk and be a fool
Yet there are many boys who do it
Who are not through going to school

A boy starts out with prospects
As bright, as bright can be
But he tastes the cup, likes it
And his prospects soon will flee

One day we'll see him drunk
The next his mind is crazed
And the next perhaps we'll see him
Taken to the silent grave

Oh how bad must feel the mother
When her son delights in drink
And comes home at midnight
Dead drunk; just only think

And think of the young wife
Who pines the livelong day

To think her once loved husband
Away from home will stay

And spend his time in drinking
And all his money too
And perhaps she's thinking
What his poor wife will do

If he'd only join our lodge,
And visit different places
He would at home I think
Find much more pleasant faces

And I say now to the brothers
And sisters of this Lodge
Let us arise and work
And from our duty never dodge

Let's try to persuade the erring
To sign our pledge and change their course
Perhaps that we can coax them
But we should not try to force

M.

For the Temperance Echo

Mr Editor

The school boys of Washington school district respectfully suggest to the trustees, to have the school house removed, for the reason, that the C. P. R. R. Co. are having a switch put in the neighborhood, and the boys being like Locomotives in having a tender behind are opposed to switches of any kind

Little Boots

Wanted

And unlimited number of recruits, to join the order of G. T. to assist in spreading the temperance cause, and hurling intemperance from our town.

For which service said recruits will be liberally rewarded, by being allowed to spend a couple of hours pleasantly once a week, with the best society Washington Corners affords, much to their own gratification, and displeasure of all whiskey bloats.

Also: They shall be entitled to our password explanation, grip, sign, and word, which will admit them to any lodge of Good Templars in the United States

Also a Wholesome breath, and a clear conscience

N. B. it will be necessary for recruits to bring with them on the night of their initiation, the sum of $2.00 if Male Men or 50 cts if female Women.

Babies and small children admitted free

Dragon

A Comparison

(Child) Who is that mother?

(Mother) The drunkard my child
How wretched he seems
And his look is so wild
His nose is so red
And his clothes are all torn
Don'd you think my dear child
He looks very forlorn?
Yet once he was guiltless
And happy as thou;
But whiskey, yes, whiskey
Has brought him thus low
See how he staggers.
He cannot walk straight
There! he has fallen down
Just by the gate,
He'll be there till morning
If alive then he'll go home
To his poor weeping wife
And children so lone
They, sobbing and trembling
With cold and with fright
Will try very hard to
To get out of his sight
What a life that must be!
You take warning by him

And resolve while you're young
That you'll be free from the sin
That has ruined so many,
Brought thousands so low
Reduced many to poverty
Filled mothers with woe

(Child) Who is that Mother?
(M.) The 'Good Templar' my son
Going home to his family
His days work is done
How happy he looks
There is joy in his eye
And a smile on his lips
For his loved ones are nigh.
See those little children
So prettily dressed
Each trying to see
Which at running is best
Each trying so hard
To reach, first dear papa
And there in the door
Stands their loving mama
How happy they are!
How pleasant a home
Oh! who would for whiskey
Away from it roam
On Sunday to church

That family will go
And happy, I know
To whom for all blessings they owe
The one who takes care
Of his children below

Ruby Ray